



**GCE A LEVEL**

A710U30-1



S18-A710U30-1



**ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE**  
**A level component 3**  
**Non-Literary Texts**

FRIDAY, 15 JUNE 2018 – MORNING

2 hours

**ADDITIONAL MATERIALS**

A WJEC pink 16-page answer booklet.

**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

Answer **Question 1** in Section A and **one** question in Section B.  
Write your answers in the separate answer booklet provided.

**INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES**

Both Section A and Section B carry 40 marks.

The number of marks is given in brackets at the end of each question or part-question.

You are advised to spend one hour on each section. In Section B, you are advised to spend 35 minutes on part (i) and 25 minutes on part (ii).

You are reminded that assessment will take into account the quality of written communication used in your answers.

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**Section A: Comparative analysis of spoken non-literary texts***Answer Question 1.*

**This question is based on all three texts below.**

**Text A:** An extract from a speech delivered on 12 July 2013 by Malala Yousafzai to the United Nations Youth Assembly on access to education. The speaker is a 15 year old school student in Pakistan who campaigned for the rights of girls to receive education, in defiance of a ruling that girls should not go to school. As a result, she was shot and wounded but continued her campaign when she had recovered.

**Text B:** A transcribed extract from a TV documentary in which the two participants, Nick and Dave, discuss their memories of being pupils at a secondary school in the 1950s.

**Text C:** A series of transcribed extracts from *Educating Cardiff*, a reality TV programme from 2015 focusing on a comprehensive school. The speaker, Leah, talks about school and her attitudes to it in a selection of voiceovers at different points in the school year.

**1. Compare and contrast the presentation of education in Texts A-C.**

*In your response, you are required to:*

- *apply concepts and methods from integrated linguistic and literary study*
- *analyse how meanings are shaped*
- *explore connections between the texts.*

[40]

**Text A: extract from Malala Yousafzai's speech to the United Nations Youth Assembly on access to education (2013)**

I speak – not for myself, but for all girls and boys.

I raise up my voice – not so that I can shout, but so that those without a voice can be heard.

Those who have fought for their rights:

Their right to live in peace.

Their right to be treated with dignity.

Their right to equality of opportunity.

Their right to be educated.

Dear friends, on the 9th October 2012, the Taliban shot me on the left side of my forehead. They shot my friends too. They thought that the bullets would silence us. But they failed. And then, out of that silence, came thousands of voices. The terrorists thought that they would change our aims and stop our ambitions but nothing changed in my life except this: fear and hopelessness died. Strength, power and courage was born. I am the same Malala. My ambitions are the same. My hopes are the same. My dreams are the same.

**Key to discourse features**

word underlining indicates a stressed syllable

(.) a micropause

(1) a timed pause in seconds

/ rising intonation

\ falling intonation

= latch on

[edit] some text omitted

**Text B: transcribed extract from TV documentary (1950s)**

**Nick:** in our day the teachers were looked up to they were like doctors (.) policemen (.)  
 /  
 who else would it be (.) they were all (.) um I'm gonna say upper class that's not what I  
 want to say=

**Dave:** =authoritarian (1) people we had then they were people in authority you just  
 respected them=

**Nick:** =that's right

[**Dave** points to a photograph of a teacher]

**Dave:** there's a teacher I hold in high esteem because (.) uh when we remember when  
 \  
 we first first year at school he came into the class first class and it was in uproar (.) like  
 the children in the class and he stopped the class and he spent the whole lesson caning

the whole class and he just (1) uh from that moment on he never had a disciplinary problem and it never harmed anybody but um (.) they wouldn't get away with it nowadays (.) it's a shame because I don't think it harms=

**Nick:** =don't think it hurts anybody=

**Dave:** =no=

**Nick:** =no

**Text C: transcribed extract from *Educating Cardiff* (2015)**

**Leah:** we don't really come to school thinking it's gonna be school (.) it's just like a day out (.) for us all [edit] I likes doing drama an that (.) it's not just something which I enjoy it's something what I love (.) you're not yourself you're a different person when you're acting so that's what I like (.) life is like an act you only act yourself a little bit [edit] I don't even know why I'm crying like it's this school I can't stand it (.) it gets you pure depressed just been feeling that I want to cry all week (.) I'm very scared I wake up every day and I just think I don't know if I want to stay in school or no cos myself I don't reckon I'm that I'm good (.) I need I need help a lot with like everything in school but then I don't like asking for help not really I don't know I just really don't like asking for help [edit] he just keeps sayin like you're clever an that you can get anything so then I thought oh I might be able to (.) so I thought what's the point in doin so many years in school (.) and then not getting anything out of it so I thought right you gotta change now start growin up you know (.) if I pass I'll feel like (.) oh my God I just achieved something for once

## Section B: Non-literary text study

Answer **one** question in this section.

Each question is in **two** parts. You must answer both parts.

In **part (i)**, you are required to:

- apply concepts and methods from integrated linguistic and literary study
- analyse how meanings are shaped.

In **part (ii)**, you are required to:

- analyse how meanings are shaped
- demonstrate understanding of the significance and influence of the contexts in which texts are produced and received.

**Either,**

### Andrea Ashworth: *Once in a House on Fire* (Picador)

2. The extract below, taken from Chapter 12, describes Andrea's first meeting with her future stepfather, Terry. Read the extract below and complete the tasks which follow.

We knew it was him, as soon as he walked through the door, looking more alive than anyone else. Except our mother, whose dimples deepened the moment his hands landed on her waist. Rainie, he called her. She put up her hand to touch one of his strawberry-blond curls. Black nylon flares swished over Cuban heels that made him a shade taller than her. A ruffle of white rippled down his shirt, smelling of Old Spice. On the little finger of his left hand, a lump of gold nestled behind the knuckle.

Our mother nudged us to say hello.

'Are you Terry?' I felt myself drowning in waves of shyness.

Above a too-big nose, his eyes twinkled, blue kaleidoscopes.

'Aye. But why don't you kids call me Tez?'

'Tez.' We tried it out between ourselves in the kitchen, passing it over our tongues until we could say it without giggling.

By midnight, watching him swivel his hips to James Brown, dancing brilliantly for a man, we were ready to say it to his face. Someone turned up the telly while Big Ben chimed and everyone cheered. Our mother had tears in her eyes. We clustered to kiss her before the bells stopped clanging, but she turned to kiss Terry first. A real, film-style kiss, that took up their whole faces.

'Happy New Year, girls,' Terry said, after the bells rang out.

Our mother stole a moment from smooching to hug us and send us to bed: 'Time to let the grown-ups get on with the show.'

We sank into our pillows, knocked-out by the scent of Old Spice mingling with Chanel No.5.

- (i) Use integrated linguistic and literary approaches to explore how Andrea Ashworth presents the relationship between Terry and Andrea's mother in this extract. [24]
- (ii) "In Ashworth's memoir, men consistently attempt to exert power." Go on to explore the presentation of male-female relationships elsewhere in *Once in a House on Fire*. [16]

Or,

**Jenny Diski: *Skating to Antarctica* (Virago)**

3. *The extract below, taken from the chapter entitled 'Whatever Happened to Jennifer?' is a description of Diski's mother. Read the extract below and complete the tasks which follow.*

My mother was a woman whose behaviour was often inexplicable. It's quite possible that she didn't know why she needed to go to church other than feeling an urgent impulse. God was often on her lips: why had he allowed her mother to die so young; why was he punishing her with my evil father; why didn't he help her? Perhaps she thought she ought to try another god. If the Jewish god didn't work, maybe the Christian one would. Worth a try. My mother's religion was coterminous with her sense of personal injustice: a primitive, minimal belief that someone, somewhere, ought to be looking after her. She was barely educated, she was not cerebral. She responded to pressing emotional needs as an infant responds to its physical wants – instantly, thoughtlessly. I imagine her operating almost entirely unfettered by the rational functions of her forebrain. When she was in pain, she screamed and howled, and hit out; and she was, while I knew her, frequently in emotional pain, suffering a total disappointment at the way her life had gone. She was frightening in her reactions because the most apparently minor setbacks seemed to her catastrophic and she responded appropriately. Her bitterness and her lack of control caused me anxiety and worse, but I don't think it was done with deliberate malice. I don't believe she thought enough about what she did for malice consciously to be present. She hit out, gave full rein to her feelings, and couldn't do otherwise. She was sad, rather than bad, and, I think, genuinely baffled by the way life was out of her control. She did not, for reasons of her own emotionally deprived upbringing, have enough insight to be considered responsible for the results of her behaviour. It leaves me little room for anger towards her personally. Living with her, day by day, was like skating on newly formed ice. It constantly shattered, every day, but there was no alternative, no other place to go. No room for anger, but no room for affection either. She often told me, yelled at me, that everyone needed their mother. That I would need her one day, when she wouldn't be there and then I'd realize...I was certainly not without needs, but whatever it was I needed, it wasn't her, even if she was my mother. I cannot recall a moment in my life when I have wished she was there. Thinking about her as my mother, I can only manage a shrug, a sense of random misfortune that I was in the charge of a woman with the emotional capacity of a small child. Bad, sad luck; human child-rearing arrangements are a crap shoot. You might as well be enraged at the ice for being too fragile to hold your weight.

- (i) Use integrated linguistic and literary approaches to examine how Diski presents her mother in this extract. [24]
- (ii) Go on to explore the presentation of different attitudes to motherhood elsewhere in *Skating to Antarctica*. [16]

Or,

**Dave Eggers: *A Heartbreaking Work of Staggering Genius* (Picador)**

4. *In the extract below, taken from Chapter V, Eggers describes his encounter with the police after he believes that his wallet has been stolen. Read the extract below and complete the tasks which follow.*

The police car pulls up two minutes after. It looks huge. The engine roars. It's immaculate, shiny like an enormous toy. The officer steps out and he is burly and mustached and – is he? It's after 2 a.m. – he is wearing sunglasses. He introduces himself and asks us to get in the back of the car and we do. It is a beautiful car, clean, the black vinyl bright, perfect. I answer:

"Yeah, we were just hanging out on the beach."

"Seven of them."

"Mexican."

"I'm sure of it. Their accents. Their looks. Completely. They spoke English, but with a Mexican accent." I try to think of what they looked like, who the older one looked like. *Baretta*. He looked like Robert Blake.

"They took my wallet."

"I don't know how much. Maybe twenty dollars."

"We were calling the police to straighten it out."

"Yeah, they came with me."

"I don't know why. Because they said they didn't take it."

"But then they kicked me in the groin [groin being the more police-report-appropriate word for *crotch*] and then they got in two cars and took off."

"A big dark green convertible with a black top."

"Yeah, yeah, I had it down before. Fuck. It start with G-H, and there's a six in it, and a zero. I think it ended with zero. Is that enough? Can you go on that?"

The car is so clean. I love the car. A shotgun hangs at eye level in front of us. The computer next to the steering wheel glows blue, beautiful thing. The radio fitzes and beeps. The officer listens and answers questions on the CB. He turns around.

"Okay, it looks like we have some suspects. We've stopped a car just off the highway. We're going to have to go there so you can make a positive I.D."

I look at Meredith. We have been in the car maybe three or four minutes. Is that possible?

"You already found the car? Is it the dark green convertible?" I ask him, leaning into the front seat.

"I'm not sure. But we better go." We go.

Meredith and I look out the window bright-eyed and attentive, like tourists passing through a city on a Saturday night. We turn onto another highway and suddenly there are lights everywhere. It looks like an accident. At least four police cars. Five. All parked, lights spinning, popping. There are cops on the street, walking back and forth, standing outside their cars, talking into CB's pulled through their windows. It's an event.

- (i) Use integrated linguistic and literary approaches to discuss how Eggers presents his attitude towards the police in this extract. [24]
- (ii) "Eggers' encounters with authority figures usually reveal his mistrust of them." Go on to examine the presentation of authority figures elsewhere in *A Heartbreaking Work of Staggering Genius*. [16]



Or,

**Truman Capote: *In Cold Blood* (Penguin Modern Classics)**

5. The extract below, taken from Chapter 3 – Answer, describes part of the interrogation of Perry by Dewey and Duntz. Read the extract below and complete the tasks which follow.

Until then, neither of the detectives had challenged any part of Smith's statement. He shifted in his chair; with the tip of his tongue he wet his lips.

'The fact is, nothing you've told us is true. You never set foot in Fort Scott. You never picked up any two girls and never took them to any motel –'

'We did. No kidding.'

'What were their names?'

'I never asked.'

'You and Hickock spent the night with these women and never asked their names?'

'They were just prostitutes.'

'Tell us the name of the motel.'

'Ask Dick. He'll know. I never remember junk like that.'

Dewey addressed his colleague. 'Clarence, I think it's time we straightened Perry out.'

Duntz hunched forward. He is a heavyweight with a welterweight's spontaneous agility, but his eyes are hooded and lazy. He drawls; each word, formed reluctantly and framed in a cattle-country accent, lasts a while. 'Yes, sir,' he said. 'Bout time.'

'Listen good, Perry. Because Mr Duntz is going to tell you where you really were that Saturday night. Where you were and what you were doing.'

Duntz said, 'You were killing the Clutter family.'

Smith swallowed. He began to rub his knees.

'You were out in Holcomb, Kansas. In the home of Mr Herbert W. Clutter. And before you left that house you killed all the people in it.'

'Never. I never.'

'Never what?'

'Knew anybody by that name. Clutter.'

Dewey called him a liar, and then, conjuring a card that in prior consultation the four detectives had agreed to play face down, told him, 'We have a living witness, Perry. Somebody you boys overlooked.'

A full minute elapsed, and Dewey exulted in Smith's silence, for an innocent man would ask who was this witness, and who were these Clutters, and why did they think he'd murdered them – would, at any rate, say *something*. But Smith sat quiet, squeezing his knees.

'Well, Perry?'

'You got an aspirin? They took away my aspirin.'

'Feeling bad?'

'My legs do.'

It was five-thirty. Dewey, intentionally abrupt, terminated the interview. 'We'll take this up again tomorrow,' he said. 'By the way, do you know what tomorrow is? Nancy Clutter's birthday. She would have been seventeen.'

- (i) Use integrated linguistic and literary approaches to examine how Truman Capote presents the police officers in this extract. [24]
- (ii) Go on to explore the presentation of police officers elsewhere in *In Cold Blood*. [16]

Or,

**George Orwell: *Homage to Catalonia* (Penguin Modern Classics)**

6. *In the extract below, taken from Chapter VIII, Orwell describes his journey from the front to Barcelona. Read the extract below and complete the tasks which follow.*

Getting back to Barcelona, after three and a half months at the front, reminded me of this. There was the same abrupt and startling change of atmosphere. In the train, all the way to Barcelona, the atmosphere of the front persisted; the dirt, the noise, the discomfort, the ragged clothes, the feeling of privation, comradeship and equality. The train, already full of militiamen when it left Barbastro, was invaded by more and more peasants at every station on the line; peasants with bundles of vegetables, with terrified fowls which they carried head-downwards, with sacks which looped and writhed all over the floor and were discovered to be full of live rabbits – finally with a quite considerable flock of sheep which were driven into the compartments and wedged into every empty space. The militiamen shouted revolutionary songs which drowned the rattle of the train and kissed their hands or waved red and black handkerchiefs to every pretty girl along the line. Bottles of wine and of anís, the filthy Aragonese liqueur, travelled from hand to hand. With the Spanish goat-skin water-bottles you can squirt a jet of wine right across a railway carriage into your friend's mouth, which saves a lot of trouble. Next to me a black-eyed boy of fifteen was recounting sensational and, I do not doubt, completely untrue stories of his own exploits at the front to two old leather-faced peasants who listened open-mouthed. Presently the peasants undid their bundles and gave us some sticky dark-red wine. Everyone was profoundly happy, more happy than I can convey. But when the train had rolled through Sabadell and into Barcelona, we stepped into an atmosphere that was scarcely less alien and hostile to us and our kind than if this had been Paris or London.

- (i) Use integrated linguistic and literary approaches to discuss how George Orwell presents the journey to Barcelona in this extract. [24]
- (ii) "Through accounts of his journeys, Orwell reveals his attitudes towards both peace and conflict." Go on to explore the ways in which Orwell presents journeys elsewhere in *Homage to Catalonia*. [16]

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